Vol. III. Numb. 18.

The EXAMINER.

From Monday *January* 19, to Friday *January* 23, 1712.

Pictis bellantur Amazones armis. Virgil.

I DRAW my Pen with the greateſt reluctance imaginable upon that part of the Fair Sex, who have eſpous'd the Cauſe of the *Whigs*; who alone are capable of giving us Pain, and of making that Party truly formidable. I am concerned, when I find my ſelf oblig'd to Addreſs to them upon a Subject ſo oppoſite to that of Love. Is it not pity thoſe ſoft Creatures ſhould receive any ill Impreſſions, or be numbered with the Fallen and the Conquered? and that it ſhould be in the Power of the Grand Enemy to draw ſo many Angels of Light into a Confederacy with thoſe of Darkneſs? Here we bid adieu to Strife, and the Ardor of Combat: The Rout of *Darius* and Slaughter of the *Perſian* Hoſt no longer fill the Victor's Mind with Delight and Glory, when he approaches the Tent of *Statira*. To have Beauty, like *Minerva*, appear in Arms, and againſt thoſe it was made to poliſh and refine, is a Misfortune that muſt convince us, with how deep an Alloy the greateſt Sweets and Bleſſings of this Life are temper'd; or if that Reflection be too grave, permit us to think, that ſuch Combatants were ordained to be ſubdu'd; and that nothing could add to the Compliment which *Homer* makes his Countrymen, when he reckons ſo many wounded Goddeſſes among the Trophies of that War.

The *Roman* and *Greek* Hiſtories afford us ſeveral bright Examples of Ladies, who found the Love of their Country to be the ſtrongeſt as well as nobleſt Paſſion. They look'd with Horror on the ſad effects of Treachery, Deſolation and publick Diſorder; and often gave up a Father, a Husband, and a Lover to Juſtice, where the Nation was at Stake, and Poſterity itſelf in danger. To whatever Principle ſome ſower Criticks may impute this Conduct, I gladly account for it by the more generous Incitements of ſuperior Honour and Duty. It may be there is no ſuch opportunity here in *Britain* for theſe Firſt-rate *Heroines* to ſignalize themſelves by ſuch a Strain of Vertue; but is it not unaccountable, when ſo vaſt a majority of Beauties have declared for us, and as I am credibly informed, the *Kit-Cat* were under a Neceſſity of voting for a Comprehenſion in ſettling their Toaſts for the enſuing Year, that we ſhould ſee ſo many *diſſenting* Features, ſuch a dreadful Array of *malignant* Patches, and be in danger of encountring ſo many Tory Heads, *diſſaffected* Eyes and *hoſtile* Glances, in a Reign when another *Elizabeth* fills the Throne, and nothing is wanting to convince us, that the Crown never ſhines with more luſtre, than when it reſts upon the Head of a Woman?

I know not how the Fair Sex can be brought to think well of a Sett of Fellows, who have introduc'd ſuch an Abuſe of *Libertiniſm* among our Youth, as muſt in time utterly diſſolve that gentle Empire, to which they have ſo good a Title: Anarchy in Love, would make us a Herd of Savages. Theſe Rebels will hardly be prevailed on to endure any Yoke, however light and pleaſing, who are not tame enough to ſubmit to the delightful Sway of the beſt of her Sex. How many Piles of *Plate* and *China*; what immenſe Stores of Jewels, Silks, and Brocades; what Funds for *Balls* and *Opera's* have theſe ungentle *Knights* idly ſquandered away in Foreign Adventures, and the Service of a *Dutch Frow*, a *Hag*, a *Circe*? And what is yet more Tragical, how many fine Youths have they expoſed a Prey to Ravens, or buried them under Caſtle-Walls, before the Date of their Enchantments was expir'd?

I need not ſay, how well qualified they are to deſerve the Name of Lovers, or merit any returns of Conſtancy, who openly preſume to aſſert the Right of Reſiſting, and dare think of withdrawing their Allegiance at Pleaſure. What Woman would rely on ſuch Oaths and Contracts, as are of no force but whilſt they ſerve the Turn of thoſe who take them? Their whole Scheme originally depends upon a *Fairy State*, where Men are ſuppoſed to come into the World, without the leave and Concurrence of the other Sex; a Doctrine, that ſurpaſſes the bittereſt Invectives againſt that lovely Part of the Creation, and is a moſt ſcandalous Incroachment upon their beſt Rights and indiſputable Prerogative. But notwithſtanding theſe Provocations, it is ſtrange to obſerve the many Ingrates, who are every Day protected by the Petticoat, and take ſhelter under it; whilſt they go on multiplying Indignities againſt that by which they roſe, and which, in Fact, is the true Original of all their Greatneſs. I much queſtion, if there be at preſent any one way of arguing or forming Apologies made uſe of by this Party, for the ſupport of their Cauſe, with which they are not furniſhed from the *Toilet* and *Tea Table*.

Let it be remember'd how theſe Tyrants, in an inſolent manner, invaded the Privileges of the *Bed-Chamber*, and would have overthrown all *Female Oeconomy* at once. They openly claim'd the Arbitrary Authority of *Spaniſh* Husbands, and would have put the *Duegnna* upon our Freeborn Females; which falls little ſhort of a *Domeſtick Inquiſition*. Every *Abigal* was to receive her Commiſſion from them; and they would have limited Widowhood to a Period of their own contriving. Not a Pin was to be ſtuck, nor a Knot tied, but by their Appointment. They extended their Inroads ſo far as the *Laundry* and *Scullery*, and would have been without Controul in their Dominion over the *Chocolate-Pot* and *Tea-Kettle*: For at the ſame time that the *General for Life* was in Election, the *Mother of the Maids* expected her Commiſſion ſhould at leaſt be equal to his in duration.

As for thoſe Ladies, who are profeſſed *Levellers*, I would not perſwade them to remove their Patches to the well-affected Side. All that can be expected from theſe *Amazons*, is at leaſt one *Honey-Moon* in the Year, when Hoſtilities may ceaſe, and the Enemy be admitted to have a free Intercourſe with them. And to thoſe who love War as a promoter of Widowhood, I can only ſay, that they may for the *ſame* Reaſon be as fond of Peace; which perhaps will make as many wiſh'd-for Removes, and with more decency.

The Regular Beauties will conſider, that it can never be good Policy to Abridge themſelves of ſo many Territories, and admit ſuch an unreaſonable Partition of their Empire. When they may Command all Hearts, why ſhould they reject the Allegiance of the better half of their Subjects? In the time of the *Grand Rebellion*, when *Traytors* and *Regicides* were Names, that in the common Vogue, at leaſt, could be eaſily reconciled with thoſe of the *greateſt Generals* and *Politicians*, yet the Ladies *Fleetwood*, *Desborow* and *Lambert*, are reported to have given ſweet Shelter to the poor *Cavaliers*, and to have uſed them at leaſt like Priſoners of War: And by the ſame Latitude of Petticoats and Principles, I have known a *little Whig* attone for a *great One*, and the Magick of the *Daughter's* Eyes captivate thoſe who were deaf to the real and more miſchievous Enchantments of the *Mother*.

I am not againſt ſubmitting moſt of our preſent Controverſies to the final Deciſion of ſo many *fair Judges*, whoſe Abilities are ſo happily turn'd towards Cauſes of this Nature; provided we could be inſur'd againſt a Rupture, and had the Senſe to diſtinguiſh between *Diſpute* and *Fighting*. But in this latter Caſe, the Ladies will be beſt employ'd in playing over the celebrated Character of the *Sabine* Matrons; and, on this account, I conſider them as *Guarrantees-General* of the Peace and Safety of *Great Britain*. They have my free Leave to

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do what they will with the impertinent Names of *Whig*, *Tory*, *High-Church*, *Low-Church*, &c. which, if they please, they may affix to the next new Sett of Toys that shall come in Fashion among the *Tire-women*, or be introduced at the *Toilett*. And there is one noisie Topick that now fills all the wide Mouths in the Kingdom, which I entirely surrender to their wise disposal: For I think, with respect to the *Hereditary Right*, they are the best Judges in Nature.

For those cruel obstinate Creatures, who are resolv'd to continue Rivals to the Reigning Toasts, and to dissent from the establish'd Assemblies, tho' they agree with them in Cheeks, Eyes, Complexions, and other Fundamentals of Beauty; I can only assure them, that their Passion for Parties is so far from being consistent with true Policy, that they are going the direct way to divest themselves of their just Rights and legal Power, by devoting their Hearts to a Warmth, which Love had no hand in kindling. Their Ambition is not for themselves; and they would promote a Slavery more intolerable than that complain'd of by the Swains of former Ages. The Tyrants they plead for, have Names more formidable than those of *Ingrate*, *Wanderer*, *Keeper*, or *Husband*. What Alterations this sort of Mismanagement has already made in the *Beau Monde* and Empire of Love, may be seen by the following *Letters*; of which, because they come from Ladies, I think my self under no Obligation to give the *Reader* any Account, or so much as drop a Hint where I had them.

LETTER I.

'I Suppose, Sir, by this time you have my Father's 'Letter. He is inform'd, you are a most violent 'Tory. I wonder you would declare your self so pub-'lickly, after so many tender Engagements. Lord *W.* 'was here; and they talk'd together above an Hour: I 'heard him say at last, *It must not be*; so sent for the 'Writings from his Lawyer. I could chide you very 'heartily: I am sure if you had been as much mine, as 'you have sworn and vow'd a thousand times, this had 'never happen'd. You must send me all my Letters; 'for I can think no more of a Man so False and Un-'grateful. *Naunty* says, 'tis impossible we can be Happy; 'and yet you persist, and Banter me with an idle Story, 'that *Orondates* was no *Whig*. When you made Love to 'Mrs *Glare*, I am told you were against the Peace; but 'I freely own her Superior Beauty. We shall come to 'Town a Month hence; but I will neither see the Dr. 'nor you. I am

Your Servant,

ELVIRA PARTLETT.

P. S. *My last Request is, That your Dear* Sister *write to me. Nothing shall part us.*

LETTER II.

MADAM,

'I Was surpriz'd with your's of Yesterday. How could 'you think of such a Match? If Sir *Thomas* marries 'that Girl, her Estate will establish his Interest in the 'County, and he infallibly carries it next Election.—— 'Tis impossible the silly Chit can like that noisie Fop; '——Bred at *Oxford*—— I expect my share in the dis-'posal of her.—— Don't you think Lord *Charles* is a 'much better Offer? He always Votes right, and is 'promised a good Place—You know when—You'll 'oblige me in embroiling this horrid Affair.——The 'Thoughts of it give me the Spleen.——You may re-'vive the Story about the *Captain*.——Sir *Thomas* is an 'honest unmeaning Booby, and will believe it.—I shall 'be at *R*—— next Week. *Servant*,

LÆTITIA SAINTLY.

LETTER III.

My LORD,

'AFTER all your Vows and Protestations, to use 'me thus? I saw your ugly Letter, in which you 'promise Sir *William* your Interest. You think you 'have abundantly Mortify'd me; but, my *Lord!* I 'prevent your Triumph: Any Eyes may Captivate 'those who are devoted to Slavery by Principle. You 'need not however Rally with Lady *Lofty*, about what 'I said of poor *Mac*. I wish you Joy of your Advances 'with that *Termagant*; and write this only to prevent 'your Visit of to Morrow.

CELIA.

P. S. *My* Lord! *You will become* Wooden Shooes *the worst of all the Quality.*

LETTER IV.

Dear Gatty!

'SInce you left us, I have had a dismal Bustle with 'my *Baronet*. They will certainly have him; and 'I despair of his Recovery. When I tell him of *Liberty* 'and *Property*, he talks of *Brooms*, *Needles* and making 'of *Puddings*. I abominate his filthy Repartee. Some-'thing must be done. You know he was disgusted at 'the *Cock-match*, and expressed himself indifferently the 'last *Sessions*: If *my Lord* could report him a confirm'd 'Whig, and get him turned out of Commission by the 'new *People*, he would come over that Moment. Pri-'thee tell Dear *Tommy*, that Mrs. *Mayoress* has been 'with me, and I have solid Hopes we shall make her of 'our side. Send me Word what our Friends say. I 'hear there is another *Preface* come out: Let me have 'it, with the new *Ballads*, and the *Sermons* I wrote for in 'my last. Those *Non-Cons* understand *Fits*, and have 'the best Air of *Complaining* of any People breathing. I 'have returned the *Shakespears*, and can find no time for 'those Things. I had your Catalogue of *Toasts*; and 'to Night we shall go through them the first time.— 'Company comes in.

My Dear, *Yours*,

CHARITY WILDFIRE.

LETTER V.

'DO you know, my Dear! that I am charmed 'with the dear Fellow, your Relation, who was 'last Night with us. —— How like an Angel he talk'd 'of the *Indefeazible Right!* —— What a misfortune 'is it we Women cannot go to the *Grecian!* —— I 'read *Lock* all this Morning, till my Chocolate came 'up; and beg of you to bespeak him for to Morrow at 'Lady *Charlot*'s. ——— That intolerable *Prude* has 'good Teeth, but the most impertinent Principles in 'Nature. ——— He must positively engage her.— 'I lay my Life, he drives the *Doctor* both from her 'Heart and her Snuff-box. —— Do you remember, 'when I rally'd her about the *Parsons*; how the pert 'Thing was piqu'd, and with a Fleer told me,—*That 'our* brawny Pastor *had lost his Reputation for* former 'Abilities, *and began to be follow'd in good Earnest for 'his* Preaching. —— Odious Creature! — But I pro-'mise my self a hearty Revenge.— Adieu, *my Dear*.— '*Jenny* just now tells me, that the good Lady where 'we visited *Monday* last, has miscarry'd. —— I fly to 'spread the News. —— They will have trouble enough 'to patch up that *Tory* Family. ——— At *Four* ex-'pect me. *Yours*,

AMELIA.

POSTSCRIPT.

I hear there is now in the Press, *An Abstract of Mr.* C———ns's *Discourse of Free-Thinking*. Whether it be written by an Enemy or a Friend, my Author does not say: But in either Case, if the Writer strip that adventurous Piece of its Disguise, and leaves it naked and exposed in full Light, he will amply deserve a perusal, and cannot fail of being Useful or Entertaining.

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